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Notice.

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STATE OF RANSAS, as County of Salian In the matter of the estate of James Dean,

alina Foundry and Machine Shop.

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Are we not wise in valuing such a rapid growth as we are hav-ing? We are not guided by the general practice of dealers, by charging large profits on things that they think the public do not un-

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never enjoyed showing our goods as well as now, and if the success of the past is a prophet of our future, there is no knowing how many acres

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Also keeps a Fine Line Of CIGRS constantly n Stock

THE JOURNAL.

Micial Organ of Saline County and the City of Saline

THURSDAY, DEC. 9, 1886.

AN IMPORTED BUTLER.

Mr. Peleg V. Antisam was a good man and, if he rad been a poor man, he would have been a happy one But, unfortunately, his was rich, and he had gone to Europe—as the amin-bie Sir Lepel Uriff a once said—a finish as discounter that had her. fluish an education that had been on

no teaching them not to do that. The old man's a regular racehorse, for isotting his victuals."

Clarison had improved. She was simple and unrufflied. But Jenole had become insufferable. Counts and countesses, lords and ladies floated backward and forward between her mother and her. The conversation had such an excessively aristogratic gen at home.

Peleg V. Athirson, without the "Mr.," which, in obedience in what he was assured was a New York costom, he always had engraved on his catile, was worth much at the foot of catis, was worth much at the fost of a check. It was a great name in the Philapelphia marts of trade. Third street knew and honored it, and it was not unknown in Wall street. As I said, he was rich; he had "akimmed the cream off Europe," as he phrased it, and he had exhausted all the had such an excessively aristocratic flavor that Mr. Atkinson's reminispleasure that could be had from drinking Santerne at luncheon, when he prefered beer to ice water, and of making a collection of modern French pictures. He had a Corot and a Meissonnier, a Nibert and a Detaille. He never bought two specimens of the same artist's work. He had orchids, a cellar of good wine and two pretty No more was said, although Mr. Atkinson opened his mouth as if to express incredulity.

When Ludovic had left the room Mrs. Atkinson looked severely toward her lord. "You must not aggravate Ludovic by contradicting him. He almost gave a warning yesterday when Clarlesa asked him to bring in the tennis set. A butler never does that."

"I've never been used to butlers," said Clarlesa, langiting, "so I ston't daughters, and yet he was not happy, because Mrs. Peleg V. Atkinson was

not happy.

It is not easy for people accustemed to the pleasures of being well to do to bear the weight of riches. When I first knew the Atkinsons they were contented. They choose thoroughly contented. They drank tor water when they chose; they dired at noon, and corned beel and eachage was a delight to them. On hot days Mr. Atkinson three off said Clarissa, laughing, "so I ston't know. But it seems to me that Ludovic is more the master of this house than papa is."
"Hush!" whispered Mrs. Atkinson ils coat after dinner, stuck a pipe in in mouth and sat in the back door in as the haughty menial cuterest. "We pay him an awful price," she wits-pered to me. "He's always threatenit is stirt sleeves, while Clarissa or Jennie played "Listen to the backing dird" or "Silvery Waves" by the way of refreshing him before he went down to the office at the factory. "Ou sont les neige d'antan?" asks Vilton. And Mr. Atkinson, in after years of spiendor, often asked the same question, in less poetical language, as he thought of those happy days. Alas! there could be no more sitting under the grapevine arbor and amoking the pipe of peace! Airs. Peleg V. Atkinson would no more make the mint julep with her own fair hands and come out to waken blur from laughed and said no. This was to be his first visit to Wentworth Mar.ormint julep with her own fair hands and come out to waken him from blissful sleep as he sat in the yard with a newspaper over his head to keep off the flies on blissful and drowsy afternoons. Then Mrs. Atkinson was satisfied that her four white stone steps were equal in size and pallor to her neighbor's, and that there was no window glass in the whole town of Philaderphia more dazzling than hers; but now—!

Clarissa and Jennie played only Chopit; they could not possibly con-

Chopin; they could not possibly con-descend even to opera music, although not averse to a dush into Wagner or casionily. He dined by candle light, n a dress suit and a still white shir thirt bosom, which he was always tempted to cover up with his napkin. He had taken a house just outside of Washington for the winter, for Mrs Alkinson saw no chance of making suitable matches for her daughters in the mattre city. The "best" society was closed to her; she lived on North Broad street, and therefore Clauses and Jennie could not possibly go to the ascembly ball; and above all things outside of heaven, of course— Mrs. Atkinson prefered what is cal-

ed society. Mrs Atkinson, who was what is called a capable woman, had come to American cities as well as she used to e did her own marketing in Philatelghia decided that Washington was the best place to begin the matri-monial campaign. She felt that a loreign c-tablishment was preferable to an American one and less difficult to arrange. The rich Americans, as she knew, were too uncertain of their own status to be ready to make what their aristocratic connections would consider mesalifances. Titles for larissa and Jenuie would make all tilings easy, and in thme she might, with such prestige, even come to glare at Mrs. Codwallader Smythe at the

patiers, at whose portal she stood, like alcore's Pert, "disconsolate!"

Mrs. Atkinson had acquired a haughty bearing, studied from Miss Morant's Russian countess in "The donant's instance outless in the banichelfs." She was plump and rosy and imposing, with white haif ala dime, de Pompadour. She seemed to se a great lady until she opened her

Chrissa and Jennie had become, tike their fatoer, unwilling staves to splender. But they had sequired a knowledge of the peerage, and they knew sha pedigree of the new British ninister to the remotest quartering It was kind of the family to ask me to pend two weeks at their house out ifien that families of such quality re member their acquaintances of the Atkinson met me with a broughsm at the station my heart sabk. Riches had sged my old friend; splendor had withered him; the langer which held the lumeness scal ring bearing his cost-of strins was thin and trembiling There were more wrinkles in his facthan under the grape vine arbor. His eyes were restless, but he greeted me with the old-time cordinity. The orsognam cushions were neavily scented with heliotrope, a large crest -a hou couchant—was embruidered everywhere. There were two men on the box. One of them, a short, stutt red whiskered personage, in a brown coat, came down and spoke to

Mr. Atkinson.
"You will not mind seeing to Mr.
Fitzpatrick's baggage, will you,
Ludovic? You'll see his name on the
bags—Mr. Gerald Fitzpatrick."
The man turned his ruddy face toward me and smiled out of a pair of
the most shrewd and humorous eyes Mr. Atkinson.

"Bare, sir, you're an Irishman; you have the look of it, and an Irish gen-

"I'm very near to being an Irishman," I said said langhing. I was been there fifty years ago."
The man langhed.

The men langued.

"You're a dry our," he said, tipping his hat; you don't book to be 30."

"I am glad Ludovic mae taken a fancy to you," he said, sinking back in his seat; sometimes he dislikes people, and it's hard for us all."

I tooked at him in surprise Mr. Atkinson's manner to his employes at the factory was peremptory in the extreme, too much so, I had thought. What had wrought this softness?

I so't what's-his-name a servant."

Ar. Atkinson started, as if afraid that some one would hear him. "Oh,

ar. Atkinson started, as if alraint that some one would hear him. "Oh, we don't talk of him that way. He's the butler, you know. He does pretty much what he pleases, though Sometimes he wants to drive, and of course I let him. Mrs. Atkinson imported him. He is very expensive, not be keeps us up to the mark, you know. He knows everything that we don't know. Between ourselves. know. He knows everything that we don't know. Between ourselves, I wish I was dead. I'm not fit for this sort of thing. I nearly diagrazed myself yesterday, when we had ex-Governor Jimjums to dine with us, by asking for beer with the some. Many Ann-Mrs. Atkinson-would bave fainted if Ludovic had not brought the sherry and prefended not to have understood my. Home!" Mr. Atkinson called out, as Ludovic elimbed on to the bex.

pretty at dinner under the pluk glow of the candle shades. Their white gowns, just touched with glow that bon allene ruses give, filled them to perfection. I took hirs. Atkineer, bushing in red saith, into the dinner. STRICKTER

room. The reason of the guest. Bir Boyle Roche was not in come for a week, and the Marq a de Creve-Consount of the French egystion had

The Jeweller!

FILLING A LONG FELT WANT

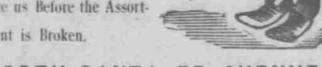
a previous engagement. Loshwic in livery performed his duties solemnly and managed the other servants with BY GIVING extreme haughthese.
"They will gobble their food," he whispered behind my chair. "There's no teaching them not to do that. The Generous Bargains!

Casters, Quadruple plate, from \$4.00 up Cream pitchers, from \$1,30 to \$8.50 Solid Silver, in plush cases \$10 and \$12

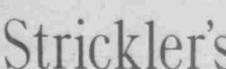
the way his father started in the junch, about the way his father started in the junch business had the effect of a chill, which Mrs. Atkinson purtially removed by asking for the peaties chickens which "Capt Cavendish her majesty's guards, traveling in the states," had sent.

"They were spoiled, ma'am," said Ludovic, shortly.

No more was said, although Mr. Atkinson opened his nearth as if to Come and See us Before the Assort-



GO RIGH DOWN TO



Beautiful Gold Watches AND CHAINS.

called so after Lord Westworth, Baron Atkinson, one of their recent ly discovered ancestors of the family.

ly discovered sheestors of the family. I liked her more and more; she seemed happy, yet worried, sometimes.

'Oh, dear," she said one evening, as she sat in a low chair, her siight figure surrounded by puffs of tuite and satin; "how I hate all this!" The Atkinsons were having a "big dinner," as Atkisou pere called it. "How I hate the fuse and the etiquette and the pretension of it all! Why should we live such a sham life? On, I like good manners and nice things, but good manners and nice things, but not this strain of pretending what we are not. Look at Jennie, with her English slang and her determination to marry a title. On, I know you'll say—I know your compliments by heart, Mr. Fitzpatrick—that nothing is too good for an American girl; but

them is to marry a title because on 'And the baronet ?" I said, with a "Oh!" A mischlevous light cam-

some things are too bad, and one of

into her eyes, and she padsed, then she laughed. "I'll be honest with you. He's not able woman, had come to a baronet. He's plain Edward Boyle, social characteristic of dry goods, Syracmae, N. Y. Papa itles as well as she used to knows it, but he was afraid to invite know the points of a good fowl when suybody here but you without a title truth to her gently. Of course, main-ms won't let papa give us much; we'll not be rich but we'll be honest

> "Sir Bayle Roche!" cried the foot-A tall, slight, red mustached young man in an evening suit entered. I glanced at his face and methis eye. It was a shrewd but plessant face, with bright, good humored eyes and a broad forchead. He looked like somebody. Who could it be? At least he had a nice look, and I mentally congratulated Clarissa, in spite of her decest.

> The dinner was magnificent, I took Jennie in, Sir Boyle leading with Mrs. Atkinson; a rather rickety count from some South America legation took Clarissa; I grew weary of Jennie's English accent, until Lu-dovic entered with the wine cooler He smiled in his usual haughty way. When his eyes fell on Sir Boyle his

face changed.
"Mother of Moses!" he whispered, dropping the apparatus he brought in

with a crash,
Sir Boyle looked un from his plate "Larry, as I live!" he excisioned
"And when did you come over!" He
forgot etiquette, lumpet up and se'ze
ed Ludovic's hand. Ludovic's eyes

filled with tears. filled with: tears.

"Och, Eddie, ma bouchai! It's little I thought to find you again, sure, when I went away from the old cabin, you were a bit of a boy. And so the mother's ! I heard that, though I lost track of you all entirely. And me dear little brother Eddie's countack to me—thank God!—the only one of me blood I bave in the world."

It was an odd scene. "Sir Royle," in his evening suit, with a Jacqueminot rose in his buttonhole, embraeing the man indivery; Charrissa, pale ing the man indivery; Clarrissa, pale and trembling; Jennie amazed, and Mrs. Atkinson, standing in the atti-tude of a Medea about to murder her children. Nobody apoke. Mr. At-kinson guiped down a glass of cham-

pagne.

"Sir Boyle," his eyes moist, turned to Mr. Atkinson.

"This is my only brother, Mr. Atkinson. Owing to the circumstances very common in Ireland, in left us when I was a small boy I was a small boy I was a small by I was

came here and made the best of the

in the word. I was a similar of cause here and made the beet of the chances in your country.

"I hear you've been unahing sheep's eyes at Miss Clara there,!! interrupted Ludovic, "Well, take him, Miss Clara," he added, leading the young man up to that young lady, with a sweeping, paternal gesture. "She's the best of 'em," he continued, addressing me to a loud whisper, "but," with a sigh. "I wish the boy had looked higher up in society," a Both Mrs. Atkinson and Ludovic look on the marriage as a shocking sistake. "We must get out of this country. A nine condition of regulatical simplicity when one's daught," as be tolder can marry one's daught," she said to hen. George W. Spring, once known as the "champ ion leatender of Osbkoch." He agreed that it was dressful. Ludovic passed into another family, when he resumed his of five acres, which carried with it the title of the Count of Spaghetti de Monte Ross. Still, I fancy that the new Countees of Spaghetti de Monte Ross. Still, I fancy that the Ross is still unhappy because she is rich. I snow that the Count is hap-lier because of the loss of his buttler.—Maurice F. Egan.

IN CENTRAL KANSAS.

The attention of the citizens of Salina and our many patrons in the vacinity is respectfully invited to our Complexes Srock of Clock on the marry one of February.

Both Mrs. Atkinson and Ludovic bushes to the counter of Spaghetti de Monte family, when he resumed his own name—"Larry."

The last I heard of the Atkinsons was the report that Mr. Atkinson had bought a castle in Taly with an estate of five acres, which carried with it the title of the Count of Spaghetti de Monte Ross. Still, I fancy that the new Countees of Spaghetti de Monte Ross. Still, I fancy that the new Countees of Spaghetti de Monte Ross. Still, I fancy that the new Countees of Spaghetti de Monte Ross. Still, I fancy that the new Counters of Spaghetti de Monte Ross. Still, I fancy that the new Counters of Spaghetti de Monte Ross. S

JOURNAL BLOCK

JOURNAL BLOCK

INA, - - KANSAS

RANSAS

Paints, Oils, Brushes Window

Glass, Lamps, Etc. Etc.

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Carisse and Jennie looked very

What next? I thought.

Carisse and Jennie looked very

What next? I thought.

Carisse and Jennie looked very

What next? I thought.

Carisse and Jennie looked very

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